



Sublime was the morning at Liberty

Charles W. Felt

American Antiquarian Society

ADOPTED BY

Robert and Lillian Fraker,

Savoy Books

ADOPT-A-BOOK EVENT

2012

Mary J. Rhodes

1

A
COLLECTION

of

SONGS

Cambridge

1813.

COLLECTION

The marks // //
denote a repeat of all contained within them.

CONC

Compendium

1812

(Lincoln)

All's Well.

1

(1)

Deserted by the waning moon
When stars proclaim nights cheerless gloom
On tower or fort or tented ground
"The sentry walks his lonely round"
And if some footstep haply stray
Where caution marks "the guarded way"
"Who goes there stranger quickly tell
A friend, good night, all's well," all's well.

(2)

Or sailing on the midnight deep
When weary messmates soundly sleep
The careful watch patrols the deck
"To guard the ship from foes or wreck"
And when his thoughts oft homeward veer
Some friendly voice "salutes his ear."
"What cheer, brother quickly tell,
Above, below, all's well," all's well.

Song from My Grandmother

(1)

Ah me I am lost and forlorn
 No hope can my anguish assuage
 For alas! long before I was born
 // My fair one had died of old age //

(2)

Ah well a day Ah well ye

Time how couldst thou be so uncouth
 To wither her beauties divine
 Why rob her of every tooth
 // Before I had cut one of mine //

Ah! well ye

(3)

At night to her grave I'll repair
 Lamenting the mer was my bride
 Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair
 // If any was left when she died //

Ah well ye

Sweet is the Vale

Sweet is the vale where innocence resides
 // Blest is the cot where virtue dwells
 // Where harmless love untaught presides
 Secure from flattery's baneful spells.
 This is the spot and here I wish to live;
 Despising all that wealth or power can give

The meeting of the Waters.

(Edmund)

(1)

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart
"Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

(2)

It was not that nature had spread o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green
Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill
"Oh no it was something more exquisite still"

(3)

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom ^{near} were
(Who made every dear scene of enchantment ^{dear} more
And who taught how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from look which we love.)

(4)

Sweet vale of Avoea how calm could I rest,
On thy bosom of shade with the friend I love best
When the storms which we feel in this cold world shall ^{cease}
"And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace."

The Taylor done Over

①

A tailor I once was as blithe as i'er could be
 Until love alarms have a devil sure made me
 That once was solusly was called will the rover
 Untill Sue's cruel charms have me fairly done over



②

How many a day have I sat with great pleasure
 And cut out my clothes to my customers measure,
 With a full yard of cabbage I lived in clover
 But now a poor skeleton I'm fairly done over.

③

The first time I saw her in silks drest so gaily
 I fell into fits, oh! they troubled me daily
 How cruel must she be the sight could not move her
 I fear that these fits will one day do me over

④

The next time I saw her she passed by the window
 My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to ainder
 The girls do so peer me that I can go no where
 Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over.

⑤

The last time I saw her was with a bold sailor
 And as she passed by she called out tailor
 She smiled and cried foricklouse I'm going to Dover
 So there is an end of the tailor done over.

(Cunningham) In The Downhill of Life. 7

①
In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining
With a cot which overlooks the wide sea
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn
While I carol away idle sorrow
And blithe as the lark which each day hails the dawn
"Look forward with hope for to morrow." //

②
With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too
As the sunshine or rain may prevail
With a small spot of ground for the use of the flail too
And a barn for the use of the flail
A cow for my dairy a dog for my game
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame
"Nor the honors that wait him tomorrow" //

③
From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly
By the sound of an murmuring rill
And while peace and plenty I find at my board
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow
With my friends will I share what today may afford
"And let them spread the table tomorrow" //

Over leaf

In the downfall of life continued

(4)
 And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
 Which I've worn for three score years and ten
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering
 Nor my thread will to spin o'er again
 But my face in the glass I'll severely survey
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow
 And this worn out old stuff which is thread bare today
 May become everlasting tomorrow. //

(Greenwood) The Day Returns.

(1)
 The day returns my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we two did meet.
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled
 Nor summer's sun was half so sweet.
 Than all the pride that crowns the tide
 And crosses o'er the sultry line
 Than crowns and globes and kingly robes
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine
 While day and night can yet delight,
 Or aught on earth can pleasure give
 While joys above the mind can move
 For thee and thee alone I live.
 When that grim foe of life below
 Steps in between our love to part
 The iron hand that breaks the band
 It breaks my bliss it breaks my heart.

Rise Columbia

9

①
When first the sun o'er ocean glowed
And earth unveiled her virgin breast
Supreme "mid nature's" vast abode
Was heard the almighty's dread behest.

"Rise "Columbia" brave and free.
Poise the globe and bound the sea"

②
In darkness wrapt with fetters chained
Will ages grope debased and blind
With blood "the human" hand be stain'd
With tyrant-power the human mind
"Rise &c. "

③
But lo! across the Atlantic floods
The star directed pilgrim sails
Sec! felled "by Commerce" float thy woods,
And clothed by Ceres, wave thy vales!

"Rise &c. "

The fourth verse on next page
Nor yet though skilled delight in arms,
Peace and her offspring arts be thine
The face "of freedom" scarce has charms
When on her cheeks no dimples shine

"Rise &c. "

turn over

Rise Columbia continued

(4)

In vain shall thrones in arms combined
 The sacred rights I gave oppose
 In thee "the Asylum of mankind"
 Shall welcome nations find repose?
 "Rise &c. "

(6)

Whilst fame for thee her wreath entwines
 To bless thy nobler triumph prove
 That though "the willow Eagle" haunts thy pines
 Beneath thy willows sheld the dove
 "Rise &c. "

(7)

When bolts the flame or whelms the wave
 Be thine to rule the wayward hour
 Bid Death "unbar the wat'ry grave"
 And Vulcan yield to Neptune's power
 "Rise &c. "

(8)

Revered in arms in peace humane
 No shore nor realm shall bound thy sway
 While all "the virtues own thy
 And subject elements obey."
 "Rise "Columbia" brave & free
 Rise the globe and bound the sea."

Sweet Kitty of Colrain.

(Stoxter)

(1)

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 With a pitcher of milk to the fair of Colrain
 Poor Kitty she stumbled the pitcher it tumbled
 And the sweet buttermilk spangled the plain
 Oh what shall I do now twas looking at you so
 Sure sure such a pitcher I shall ne'er see again
 Twas the pride of my dairy sweet Banney Mc Lury
 Your ~~gent~~ ~~was~~ a plague to the girls of Colrain

(2)

I sat me down by her and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain
 I gently then kissed her and before I did leave her
 She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again
 Oh twas hay making season I cant tell the reason
 Misfortunes do seldom come single to plain
 For very soon after sad Kitty's disaster,
 The Devil a pitcher was whole in Colrain

(Putnam) Sprig of Shillelah.

Oh love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and Shamrock ^{so green.}
 His heart is good humored, tis honest, tis sound,
 No malice, or hatred is there to be found.
 He courts, and he marries, he drinks, and he fights,
 all for love, for in that he delights,
 With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

④ Transposed

Bless the country say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the Oak, & its neighbouring earth,
 Where grows the Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
 May the sons of the Fiances, and the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drive the foe, who dare plant on our confines, a com-^{mon}
 United, & happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the rose, and the thistle long flourish, and twine,
 Round a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

②

Who has e'er had the luck to see Dony brook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,
 With his sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
 His cloathes speck, and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A mate of Barcelona tied round his mate neck,
 He goes to a tent, and he spends his half crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
 With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green.
 He meets with his Shelah, who blushing a smile.
 Cries, "get ye gone Pat," yet consents all the while;
 To the Priest soon they go, and nine months after that,
 A fine baby cries, "how d'ye do Father Pat,
 With a sprig of Shillelah, and Shamrock so green."

Just Like Love.

Just like love is yonder rose
 Heavenly fragrance round it blows
 Tears its dewy leaves disclose
 And in the midst of briars it grows

Just like love
 Culled to bloom upon the breast
 Since rough thorns the stem invest
 They must be gathered with the rest
 And with it to the heart be prest

Just like love
 And when rude hands its twin bud sever
 They die and they shall blossom never
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever
 Just like love

While I hang on your bosom.
①

While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you! High swells my fond

and fast my tears flow. Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you. Did I ever upbraid

you? O no my love no! Town it would please me at home could you tarry, nor e'er feel a wish

from Maria to go; But if it gives pleasure to you my dear Harry, Shall I blame you depart

are? O no my love no!

Robin Adair.

21

(1)
What's this dull town to me
Robin's not near
What wasn't I wished to see
What wished to hear
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a Heaven on earth
Oh they're all fled with thee
Robin Adair.

(2)
What made th' Assembly shine
Robin Adair
What made the ball so fine
Robin was there
What when the play was o'er
What made my heart so sore
O it was parting with
Robin Adair.

(3)
But now thou art cold to me
Robin Adair
But now thou art cold to me
Robin Adair
Yet him I loved so well
Still in my heart shall dwell
Oh I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

(Mellens)

Evelyn's Bower.

(1)

Oh weep for the hour,
 When to Evelyn's bower
 The lord of the valley with false vows came.
 The moon hid her light
 From the Heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maidens ^{shame}

(2)

The clouds past soon
 From the chaste cold moon;
 And heav'n smiled again with her vestal flame.
 But none will see the day,
 When the clouds shall pass away.
 Which that dark hour left ^{upon fair} ~~on~~ Evelyn's fame

(3)

The white snow lay,
 On the narrow path way,
 Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor.
 And many a deep print
 On the white snows tint
 Shew'd the track of his footstep to Evelyn's door.

23

(4)

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow of fair Evelyn's fame.

Rise Cynthia Rise

Rise Cynthia rise.
The ruddy morn on tiptoe stands
To view thy beauteous face
Phebus by fleetest coursers borne
Sees none so fair in all his race
The circling hours that lag behind
Shall catch fresh beauty from thine eye
Get ah! in pity to mankind
Still rapt in pleasing visions lie

Will you come to the Bower.

Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you
Your bed shall be roses all spangled with dew
There under the bower while on roses you lie
With the blush on your cheek and the smile in your eye
But the roses we press shall not rival your lips
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we sip
But oh for the joys that are greater than dew
Than languishing blushes or kisses from you.

We may roam through ^{this world}

① We may roam through this world like a child at
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the nest
 And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east
 We may order our course and be off in the west.

But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile
 Are the dearest joys that heaven ~~bestows~~ ^{bestows}
 We never need roam from our own dear isle
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.

Then remember wherever your goblet is crowned
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home

In England the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery placed within call
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept
 That the gardens but carelessly watch'd after all
 O they want the wild sweet briary fence
 Which round the flowers of ~~Even~~ ^{Even} ~~Harold's~~
 Which warns the touch while winning the sense
 Nor charms us least when it most repels

② In France when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the Ocean of wedlock its fortune to try
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail
 But just pilots her off and then bids her good bye.
 But the girls of ~~Even~~ ^{Even} keep the boy
 Ever faithful beside his native bar.
 Through billow of woe and beams of joy
 The same that he looked when he left the shore
 Then remember

Sicilian Mariner's Hymn. 25



Osantissima Opissima
Dulcis virgo Maria
Mater amata intemerata
Ora Ora pro nobis.

The Soldiers Adieu!

①

Adieu, (Adieu my only love
 My honor calls me from thee)
 Remember thou'rt a soldiers wife
 Those tears but ill become thee
 What though by duty I am called
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle
 "Where valour's self might stand appall'd"
 When on the wings of thy dear love
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown
 The tender prayer thou puttest up there,
 "Shall call a guardian angel down,"
 To watch me in the battle.

②

My safety thy fair truth shall be
 As sword and buckler serving
 My life shall be more dear to me
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror Threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 "I fearless seek the conflict's heat,"
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above &c.

③

Enough - with that benignant smile
 Some kindred God inspired thee
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile
 Who wondered and admired thee:
 I go, assured my life! adieu
 Though thundering cannons rattle
 "Though murdering carnage stalk in view"
 When on the wings of thy true love
 To heaven above go!

Erin

(Tune Robin Adair)

①

Erin the tear and the smile of thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies
 Shining through sorrows stream
 Sadling through pleasure's beam
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise

②

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
 Till like the rainbows light
 Thy various tints unite
 And form in heavens sight
 One arch of Peace

Heaving of the Lead.

①



For England when with favouring gales, Our gallant ship up channel steered; And scudding under easy



sail, The high blue western land appeared; So heave the lead the seaman sprung And to the



pilot cheerly sung. By the deep nine! By the deep nine! To take the lead the seaman sprung



By the deep nine!
And to the pilot cheerly sung. By the deep nine!

②

And bearing up to gain the port
Some well known object kept in view
An abbey tower or harbour fort
Or beacon to the vessel true
While oft the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung
"By the mark seven!"

③

And as the much loved shore was near
With transport we beheld the roof,
Where dwelt a friend or partner near
Of faith and love a matchless proof
The lead once more the seaman flung
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"Quarter less five."

Ah why should the Girl

29

①
"Ah why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this. ||

"When the gloom of the past and the sorrows of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss. ||



②
"Are they shed for that moment of blissful ^{delight}
Which dwells on her memory yet. ||

"Do they flow like the dew of the love-breathing ^{night}
From the warmth of the sun that has set. ||

③
"Oh sweet is the tear on that languishing smile
That smile which is loveliest then. ||

"And if such be the drops that delight can ^{beguile}
Thou shalt weep them again and again. ||

Sandy and Jenny

(Greenwood) ①



Come come bonny lassie cried Sandy awa, While mither is spinning and father's afar.



The folk are at work and the bairns are at play. And we will be married dear Jenny



to day. And we will be married dear Jenny to day

②
Stay stay bonny Laddie I answered with speed
I muna I muna go with you indeed
Besides shou'd I do so what would the folk say
O we canna marry dear Sandy to day.

③
List List ~~bonny~~ Lassie and mind what I say do
Baith Peggy and Patty I gave up for you
Besides a full twelve month we've trifled away
And one or the other I'll marry to day

④
Fie fie bonny Laddie ne plied I again
When Peggy you kissed to'her day on the plain,
Besides a new ribbond does Patty display
"So we canna marry dear Sandy to day."

⑤
 Then then a good bye bonny Laddie said he
 For Peggy and Paddy are waiting for me
 The work is hard by and the bells call away
 "And Peggy or Paddy I'll marry to day."

⑥
 Stop stop bonny Laddie cried I with a smile
 For now I was joking indeed all the while
 Let Peggy go spin and send Paddy away
 And we will be married dear Sandy to day.

O Wear with me the rosy wreath

①
 Wear with me the rosy wreath
 Whilst melting strains around thee breathe
 "Oh life we'll but measure by moments of pleasure
 And banish the features of sorrow"

②
 See the goblet streaming
 O Rapture's soul is beaming
 "Softly will stay the joys of to day
 Nor nourish a thought of to morrow"

③
 Fill then your cups around
 Mirth shall with wine abound
 Love shall enlighten each hour,
 Chasing dull care away bee-like we'll bear away
 Honey from life's drooping flower.

Tara's Harp

(1)

The harp that once through Tara's hall,
 The soul of music shed
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former years
 So glory's thrill is o'er
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

(2)

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells
 The chord alone, that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes
 The only thro' she gives
 Is, when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives

Mary.
Dolly

(Tune Fly not yet)

(1)

What tho tis true I've talked of love
And other beaties idly strove
My heart to free from Mary's chain
Unbroke the golden links remain
Entwined round every part.

For, if anothers charms I foraised
Those charms some fond remembrance raised
Perhaps twas not her tresses flowing
Dimpled cheek or blushes glowing

Oh no; oh no;
'Twas Mary's lip or Mary's eye
'Twas Mary's self that caused the sigh
Still Mary ruled my heart

(2)

I own, betrayed by youth or wine
I've sworn a face or form divine
Or when some witching syren sung
My yeilding soul bewildered hung
Enraptured at her art

O But soon the feeble spell was gone
Some faint resemblance rained alone;
Could tones less sweet and looks less smiling
Long delude, my sense beguiling?

Oh no; oh no;
'Twas Mary's voice or Mary's glance
'Twas Mary's self that caused the trance
And touched my conscious heart

GOD SAVE AMERICA.

(Lincoln)



(2)
 God save great Washington
 Fair freedoms warlike son,
 Long to command.
 May every enemy,
 Flee from his presence flee,
 And may grim Tyranny,
 Fall by his hand.

(3)
 Thy name Montgomery
 Still in each heart shall be
 Praised in each breath
 Though on the fatal plain
 Thou wast untimely slain
 Yet shall thy virtues gain
 Freedom from death.

(4)
 Lost in our song shall be
 Guardian of Liberty
 Lewis the King.
 Terrible God of war
 Placed in victorious car
 Of France and of Navarre
 God save the King.

Pray young man.

37

(1)

Pray young man your suit give over
Heaven designed you not for me
Cease to be a whining lover soun
Sour and sweet can never agree
Clownish in each limb and feature
You've no skill to dance or sing
At best you are but an awkward creature
If you know am quite the thing

(2)

As I soon may roll in pleasure
Bumpkins I must bid adieu
Can you think that such a treasure
E'er was destined man for you
No! mayhap when I am married
Amongst the great to dance and sing
To some great lord I may be married
All allow I'm quite the thing

(3)

Beaux to me will then be kneeling
Ma'am I die if you don't yield
Let them plead their tender feeling
While my tender heart is steel'd
When I dance they'll be delighted
Ravished quite to hear me sing
At routs whenever I'm invited
All will swear she's quite the thing.

Go Where Glory waits thee.

(1)

Go where glory waits thee,
And when fame elates thee,

Oh! then remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me

Other arms may press thee

Dearer friends caress thee

All the joys that bless thee

Sweeter far may be

But when friends are nearest

And when joys are dearest

Oh! then remember me

(2)

When at eve thou rovest,

By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me

But when thou art

Think when home returning

Bright wine seen it burning

Oh! then remember me.

Oft when summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes,
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so loved by thee,
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made the love them,
 Oh! then remember me?

(3)

When around thee lying
 Autumn's leaves are dying
 Oh! then remember me,
 And at night when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music stealing,
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee.
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,
 Strains I used to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me?

Friend and Pitcher

①

The wealthy fool with gold in store
 Seeks every moment to grow richer
 Give me but these I ask no more
 My charming girl my friend and pitcher
 My friend so rare my girl so fair
 With these what mortal can be richer
 Give me but these a fig for care
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher

②

The fortune ever shuts my door
 I know not what can bewitch her
 With all my heart can I be poor
 With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher
 My friend &c

③

From morning dawn I never grieve
 To toil a hedge or a ditcher
 If that when I come home at eve
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher
 My friend &c

(Wild) Canadian Boat Song.

41

①
Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep true as our oars keep time
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Cluns over parting him
Row brothers row the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

②
Why should we yet our sails unfold
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh sweetly we'll rest our weary oar
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

③
Ottawa's tide this trembling noon
Shall see us float down the surges soon
Saint of this green Isle hear our prayers
Oh grant us cool heavens and fanning airs
Blow breezes blow the stream runs fast
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

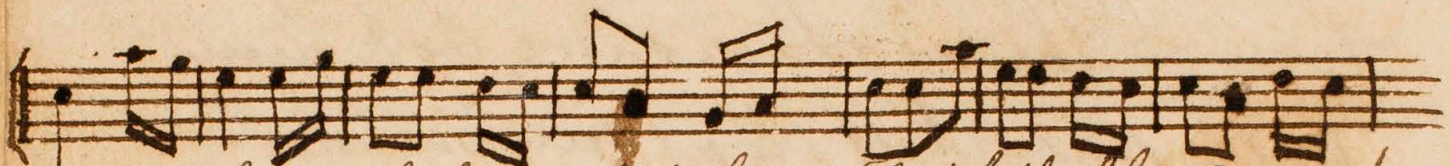
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu.

(Godman)

(1)



Hail to the chief who in triumph advances Honored and blest to the evergreen pine.



Long may the tree in his banner which glances, flourish the shelter and grace of our



line. Heaven send it happy dew. Earth lend it sap anew. Gaily to burgeoning



broadly to grow. While every highland glen sends our shout back again.



Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ho-Tero.

(2)

Ours is the sapling chance-sown by the fountain
 Blooming in Beltane in Winter to fade
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the ^{mountain}
 The more shall Clon-Alpine ^{cauld} rejoice in her shade

Moored in the rifted rock

Proof to the tempest shock

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow

Menleith and Bradalpane then

Echo his praise again

Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu. Ho-Tero-

③

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Frain
 And Banochair's groans to our slogan replied
 Glen-Luss and Ross-Thu they are smoking in ruin
 And the best of Loch-Leomond lie dead on her side

Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe
 Leannox and Seven-glen
 Shake when they hear again
 Roderick Vich Alpine Thu Ho-Tero.

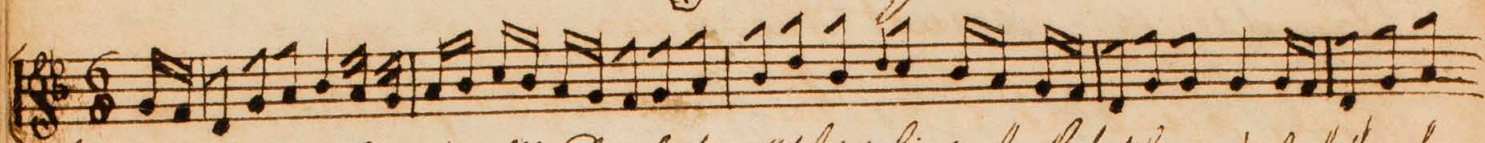
④

Now vassals row for the pride of the Highlands
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green pine
 O that the rose-bud which graces your islands
 Were wreathed in garlands around him to twine

Oh that some seedling gem
 Worthy such noble stem
 Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow
 Loud shout of Clan Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen
 Roderick Vich Alpine Thu Ho-Tero.

The Wounded Hussar.

①



Alone to the banks of the dark rolling Danube, fair Adelaide died when the battle was o'er. O whether she
cried hast thou wander'd my lover, or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore. What voice did I



hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd. All mournful she hasten'd nor wander'd afar, when bleeding



alone on the heath she deceried. By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar!

②

From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was streaming
And pale was his visage deep marked with a scar
And dim was that eye once expressively beaming
That melted in love and that kindled in war
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come my fond love this last sorrowful night
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

③

"Thou shalt live" she replied "heaven's mercy relieving"
"Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn"
"Ah no the last pang in my bosom is heaving"

No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life ever tender and true
Ye babes of my love that await me afar?"

This faltering tongue scarcely murmured adieu

When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar

Fly not Yet. &c.

45

①

Fly not yet 'tis just the hour
When pleasure like the midnight flower
Which scorns the eye of vulgar light
Begins to bloom for sons of night
And maids that love the moon
Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Let the tides and goblets flowing

"Oh stay, Oh stay,
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to night that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon." //

②

Fly not yet the fount that played
In times of old through amorous shade
Though icy cold by day it ran
Yet still like souls of mirth began

To burn when night was near
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as wintry brooks
Though icy cold by day it ran
Yet still like souls of mirth began
Nor kindle till the night returning
Brings the genial hour for burning

"Oh stay, Oh stay.
When did morning ever break
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?" //

①
Once again thy lover prays
That thou those cheerful notes would raise
Which seem as from thine harp they rise
Like sounds seraphic from the skies

When angels wake the string
Twas but for them and thee my love
Harmonious sounds were made to move
For them and thee melodious measure
Pour its soul subduing treasure

"Once more, Once more
Notes like these I ne'er again
Shall hear dear maid for oh tis pain
To find them cease to ring.

②
Once again the lyre that hung
On Memnon's tomb forever rung
When fled the dusky shades of night
And morning beams its bright light
And flashed upon the lyre
And thus since doubts dark clouds are fled
And hope beams brightly in their stead
Oh while our hearts the flame confessing
Bows the pleasing painful blessing

"Once more Once more
Strike those notes that tell to rest
The angry passion of the breast
And quench their raging fires."

Henry's Cottage Maid.

49

①

Ah where can fly my soul's true love
Sad I wander this lone grove
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry has from Laura fled.
Thy love for me thou didn't impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart.
But ah! dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

②

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oh thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See from my cheeks my colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies.
For ah! dear Henry, thou'st betrayed
Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

The Cheshire Tragedy

To Chester

(1)

Not rich as

The paragon

His name was Thom. & Clutterbuck.

The Lady, he did most approve,

Must Guinea's gold had got 'em;

And Clutterbuck fell

With Polly Fliggy

Oh Tommy

And Polly Fliggy

Mr. Steady she goes.

I sing the love, the smiling love

Of Clutterbuck and Fligginbottom.

A little trip he did propose;

Upon the Dee th. & them,

The wind blew, he blew his nose,

And sang to Polly Fligginbottom.

The strain was sweet, the stream was deep,

He thought his notes had caught her.

But she alas! fell fast asleep,

And then fell in th. water.

O Polly Fligginbottom,

She goes to the bottom!

I sing the death, the doleful death,

Of pretty Polly Fligginbottom.

(3)

He strowed his little boat,
 He d' invite her;
 I see him in his boat
 At the bottom of the water,
 He found her
 A number of his wishes,
 A boldly paid the waterman,
 And in bed among the fishes.
 In bottom
 bottom!
 the death,
 Higginbottom.

(4)

round Chester stalk the River Ghosts
 Of this young man and fair maid.
 His head is like a salmon trout,
 Her tail is like a mermaid.
 Learn this ye constant lovers all,
 Who dwell in England's island.
 The way to shun a watery grave,
 Making love on dry land.
 O Polly Higginbottom,
 Who now lies at the bottom!
 So sing the ghosts, the water ghosts,
 Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

The British Tar.

①
The British ^{tar} no peril knows
But fearless braves the angry deep.
The ship's his cradle of repose
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He though the raging surges swell
In his hammock sings

When the steersman sings
Steady she goes. All's well. All's well. Steady she goes.

②
While to the topsail yard he springs
An English vessel heaves in view
He asks but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate he loves so true.
Then sighs he for his native dale
Yet to hope he clings

When the steersman goes

③
The storm is past the battle's o'er
Nature and man repose in peace
Then homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease
His Kate's sweet voice their joys foretells
And his big heart springs

When the steersman goes.

I knew by the Smoke, &

(1)

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd.
 Above the green elms that a cottage was near
 And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
 The heart that's contented might look for it here.
 'Twas noon and on flowers that languish'd around

Avon

Thou soft flowing Avon by thy silver

The Ruins.

55

I've seen at twilight's pensive hour
The mouldering urn the moss clad tower
In awful ruins stand
That hall where cheerful voices sang
That dome where chiming music rang
"Majestically grand."

I've seen midst sculptured pride the ^{stone}
Where heroes slept in silent gloom
Unconscious of their fame
Those who with laurelled honors crowned
Amid their foes spread terror round
"And gained an empty name,"

I've seen in death's dark cavern laid
The ruins of a beauteous maid

Cadaverous and pale
A maiden who while life remained
O'er rival charms in triumph reigned
"The mistress of the vale"

I've seen where dungeons damp, & abode
 A youth admired in manhood's pride
 In fancied greatness saw
 One who in reason's happier day
 Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,

So learned, generous & brave.

Nor dome nor tower in twilight shade
 Nor hero fallen nor beautiful maid
 To ruin all consigned
 Could with such pathos touch my breast
 As on the maniac's form impressed
 The ruins of a noble mind.

Why does Azure &c.

①
 Why does azure deck the sky
 But to be like thine eyes of blue
 Why is red the rose of dye
 That it may seem thy blushes hue

All that fair by love's decree
 Has been made resembling thee

②
 Why is falling snow so white
 But to be like thy bosom fair

Why are solar beams so bright
 That they may seem thy golden hair

All that bright &c.

③
 Why are nature's beauties felt
 'Tis thine in her we see

Why has music power to melt
 'Tis because it speaks like thee

All that sweet &c.

Elegy on the Death of
Robert Burns.

57.

①
What is the ill news, your so sad Robin Gray
That your blue bonnet hangs over your brow
Sad & sad news I've read Robert Burns now is dead
And the ploughman weeps over his plough. ||
Ah well, ah well a day.

②
His pipe mute for aye and for aye Robin Gray
No more shall we tend to his song
Ah cold as a clod underneath the green sod
Poor Robin they've laid all along. ||
③

(Cushman) The Glasses Sparkle 32

①
 The glasses sparkle on the board
 The wine shines ruby bright
 The reign of pleasure is restored
 Of ease and gay delight
 The day is gone the night's our own
 Then let us feast the soul
 If any pain or care remain
 Why drown it in the bowl. ||

②
 This world they say's a world of woe
 But that I do deny
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow
 Or pain from beauty's eye
 The wise are fools with all their rules
 When they would care controul
 If life's a pain I say again
 Why drown it in the bowl. ||

③
 That time flies fast the poet sings
 Then surely it is wise
 In rosy wine to dip his wings
 And catch him as he flies
 The night is ours then strew with
 The moments as they roll
 If any pain or care remain
 Why drown it in the bowl. ||

On The cold flinty rock.
(1)

59

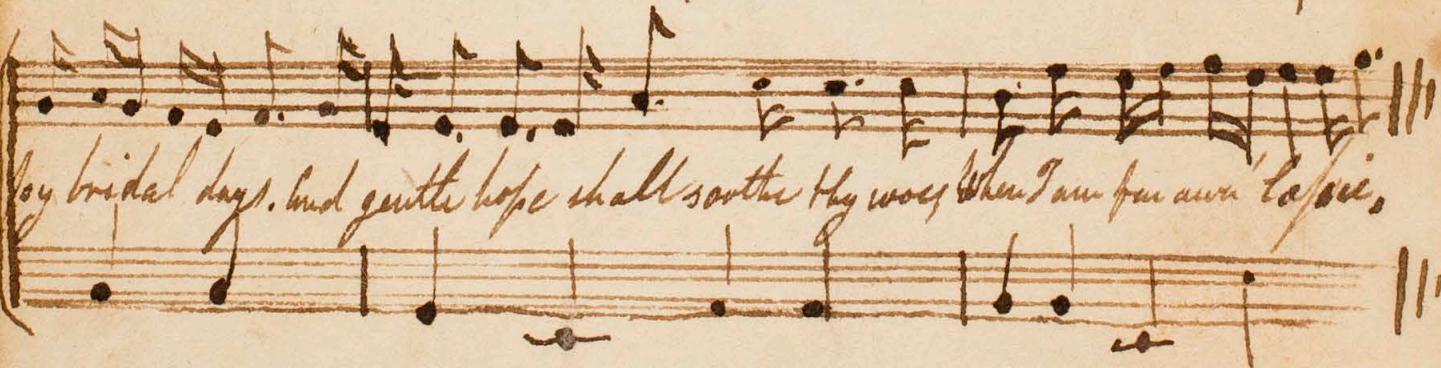
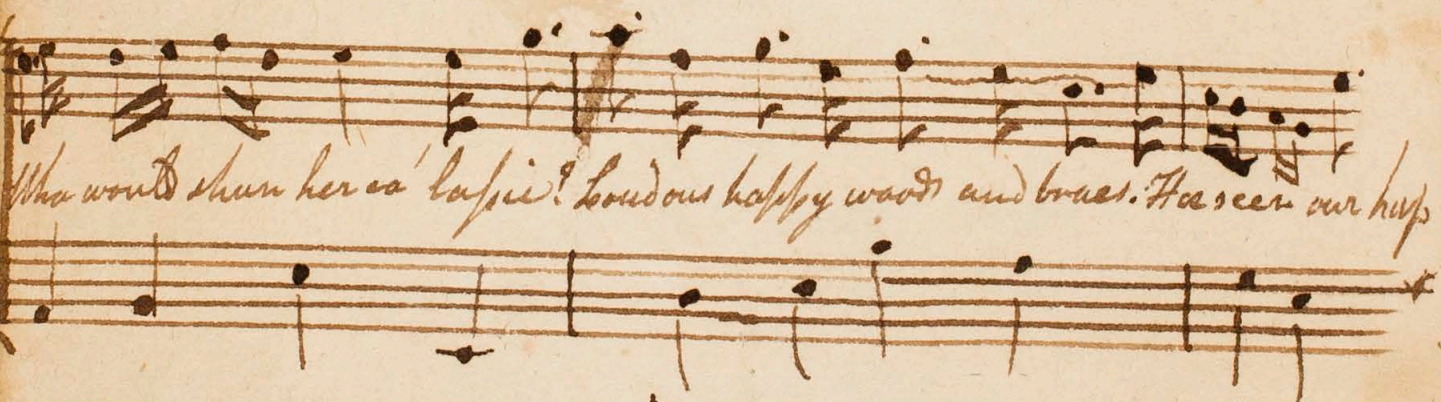
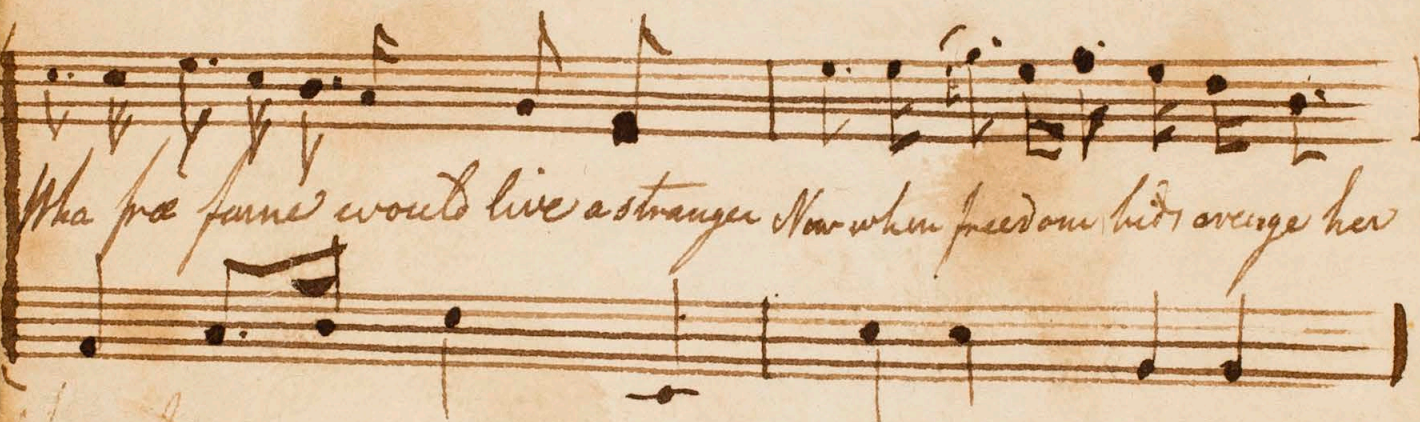
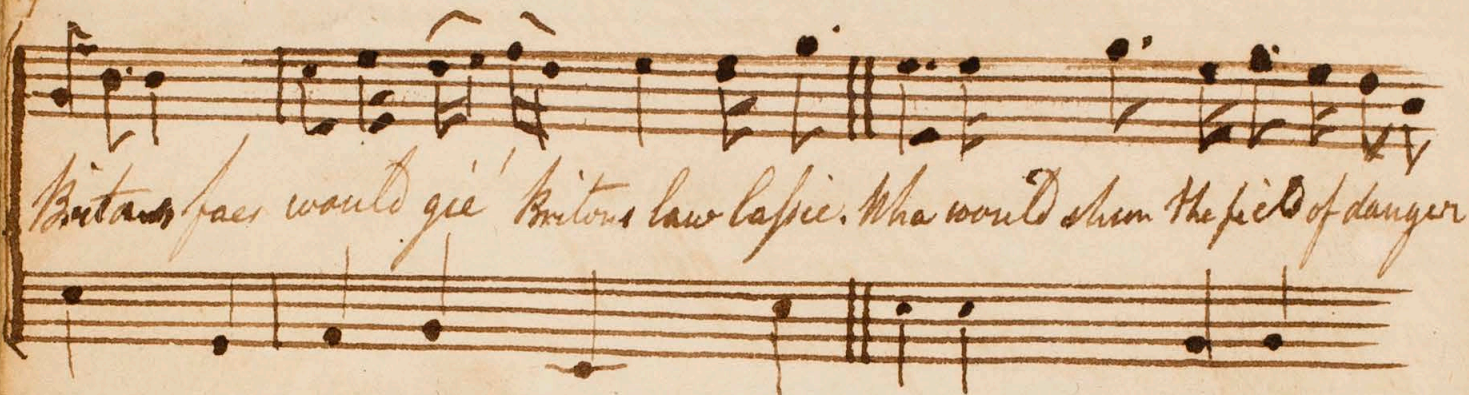
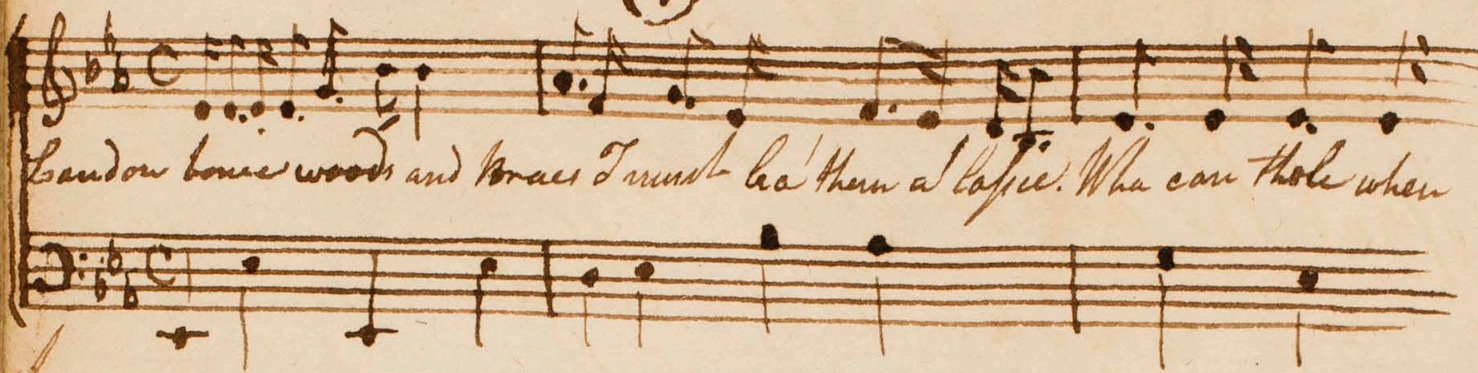
On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head. And happy I'll sing through

the night. The moon shall shine sweetly upon my cold bed. And the stars crownd to give me

their light. Then came to me my gentle dear, and turn thy

(Pratt) London's Bonnie Woodsy Braes.

(1)



(2)

Hark the swelling bugle sings
 Building joy to thee laddie
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Woe-fu' thoughts to me laddie
 Sooner I may climb the mountain
 Loosely stray beside the fountain
 Still the weary moments countin'
 Far frae love and thee, laddie;
 Per the gory fields of war
 When vengeance drives his crimson car
 Thoult may-be fa' frae me afar
 An' nae to close thy ee Laddie

(3)

Presume thy wanted smile
 I suppress thy fears lassie
 That the soldier shane lassie
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover
 Till the vengefull strife is over
 Then will meet na more to sever
 Till the day we die Lassie
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes
 Will spend our peaceful happy days
 As blithes you lightome lamb that plays
 On London's flowery lea. Lassie,

Oh the days are gone.

(1)

Oh the days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove
 When my dream of bliss from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom
 And days may come
 Of milder calmer beam
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love young dream
 Oh there's &c

(2)

Though the bard to fairer fame may soar
 When wild youth's past.
 Though he win the wise who frowned before
 To smile at last
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul's self flame
 And at every ^{close} pause she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

(3)

Oh that hallowed form is neer forgot
 Which first love traces
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed
 'Twas mornings winged dream
 'Twas a light that neer can shine again
 On life's dull stream
 Oh 'twas light ye.

Burns' Farewell

To the brethren of St James Lodge Tarbolton.

(1)

Adieu! a heart warm fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie
 Ye favoured ye enlightened few
 Companions of my social joy,
 Tho' I to foreign lands must go
 Pursuing fortune's slippery ba'
 With melting heart and brimful eye
 I'll mind you still tho' far away,

Oft have I met your social band
 And spent the cheerful festive night
 Oft honored with supreme command
 Presided o'er the sons of light
 And by that hieroglyphic bright
 Which none but crafts men ever saw
 Strong memory on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!

(3)

May freedom harmony and love
 Unite you in the grand design
 Beneath the omniscient eye ~~divine~~ above
 The glorious architect divine
 That you may keep the unerring line
 Still ruling by the plummet's law
 Till order bright completely shine
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'

(4)

And you farewell! whose merit claim
 Justly, that highest badge to wear
 Heaven bless your honored noble name
 To Masonry and Scotia dear
 A last request permit me here
 When ye only ye assemble a'
 One round I ask it with a tear
 To him the bid that's far awa'.

Corporal Caisy

65

(1)

When I was a boy I was young and was frisky
My dad kept a pig, and my mam, she sold whisky.
I had a rich uncle who ne'er would be aisy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Caisy.

Och! my rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caisy,
The dence sure was in him, I ne'er could be laxy
He stuck so close to me, old Corporal Caisy,
With my rub a dub, row de dow Corporal, ho!

(2)

We went to Kilarney and as I was thinking
In Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking.
But soon I was forced to look bright as a daisy
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Caisy
Och! my ge

(3)

We went into battle I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate oh! they bothered me rarely
But who do you think fell the first? why aint place
It was my old friend honest Corporal Caisy.

Och my rub a dub row de dow Corporal Caisy
Think I you are dead and now I shall be aisy
So I bid a diew, to Corporal Caisy
With my rub a dub row de dow Corporal, ho.

Come send round the wine.

(1)

Come send round the wine and leave points of belief
 To simperton sages and reasoning fools
 This moment a flower too fair and brief
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the school
 Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue
 But while they're both filled from the same bright bowl
 The wretch who could quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul

(2)

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that bring
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this

Faithless Emma

67

(1)

I wandered once at break of day
While yet upon the sunless sea
In wanton sighs the breeze delayed
And o'er the wavy wavy surface played
Then first the fairest face I knew
First loved the eye of softest blue
And ventured fearful first to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

Of faithless Emma

(2)

So mixed the rose and lily white
That nature seemed uncertain quite
To deck her cheek what flower to choose
The lily, or the blushing rose!
I wish I neer had seen her eye
Nor seen her cheek of doubtful die
And never never dared to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

Of faithless Emma

(3)

For the from rosy dawn of day
I rove along and anxious stray
Till night with curtain dark descend
And day no more its gleamings lend:
Yet still like hers no cheek I find
Like her no eye save in my mind
Where still I fancy that I sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip.

Of faithless Emma

O Whistle and I'll come to you

(1)

Oh whistle and I'll come to you my lad

Oh whistle &c

The father and mother and a' should ye mad

Oh whistle &c

But wauld, tent when ye come to court me

And come na unless the back yet be aje

Syne up the back stile and let na body see

"And come as ye were na comin to me"

(2)

Oh whistle and

Oh whistle &c

The father &c

Thy jeanny will venture with ye my lad

At Kirk or at market whenever ye meet me

Gang by me as tho ye cared na a flic

But steal me a blink of your bonnie black eye

"Nyet look as ye were na looking at me"

(3)

Oh whistle &c

Oh whistle &c

The father and mother &c

Thy jeanny &c

By vow and protest that ye care na for me

And whyles ye may lightly my beauty awe

But court nae anither tho joking ye be

"For fear that she whyle your fancy from me"

68

O Think not my spirits.

(1)

O think not my spirits were always as light
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of tonight
Will return with tomorrow to brighten my brow
No life is a waste of wearisome hours
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns
But send round the bowl, ~~and let us~~ and be happy awhile
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile
And the smile that enchantment can turn to a tear.

(2)

The thread of our life would be dark heaven knows
If it were not for friendship and love intertwined
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But the who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman this prayer shall be mine
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Drink to me only.

(1)

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not look for wine

Drink to me only, &c.

(2)

The Thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Requires a drink divine
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not barter thine

Drink to me, &c.

(3)

I sent thee late a rosy wreath
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It would not withered be

(4)

Drink to me, &c.

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent it back to me
Since which it blooms and smells, I swear
Not of itself but thee

Drink to me, &c.

There's not a look.

70

(1)

There's not a look a word of thine
"My soul hath e'er forgot"
Thou ne'er has bid a ringlet shine
Nor given thy one graceful twine
"Which I remember not."
"

(2)

There never yet a murmur fell
"From that beguiling tongue,"
Which did not with a lingering spell
Upon my charmed senses dwell
"Like something heaven had sung"
"

(3)

Oh that I could at once forget
"All that haunts me so"
And yet thou witching girl and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
"The loved remembrance go."
"

(4)

No if this slighted pulse must see
"Its faithful pulse decay."
Oh! let it die remembering thee
And like the burnt brow be
"Consumed in sweets away."
"

The Moon dimmed her beams. 3.

(1)

The moon dimmed her beams in a feathery cloud
 As she sailed thro' the star-studded vault of the sky,
 And slowly the moss covered branches all bowed
 To the breezes of night moaning dismally by,
 When o'er the long grass of her love's narrow bed
 The dew-sprinkled daughter of Dargo reclined
 Forlorn on the gray stone she rested her head
 And sadly she sighed to each gust of the wind

(2)

O where is the warrior that awfully rose
 In his might like the wide-spreading oak on the heath
 Alas the bright eye that flashed fire on his foes
 For ever is closed in the slumber of death
 In his hall not a string of the harp is now stirred
 The hands sit around wrapt in silence and grief
 And only the sobs of his father are heard
 Who shall comfort the sorrowing soul of the chief?

(3)

O where are the blood-crusted spear and the shield
 In indolent rest beneath the wall they recline
 And where are his dogs that were fierce in the field
 Round his grass tufted hillock they lingering whine
 I hear me thou spirit of Crothall attend
 In pity look down on the house of thy rest
 For there doth the fast falling tear drop descend
 And thine the last sigh that escapes from my breast.

Good humored and fairly tipsey

82

①

In praise of Silenus and Bacchus will sing
And merrily chase each dull moment away
While Ceres kind goddess fresh comforts will bring
Will hail her in song every new coming day
But reason shall guide us and prudence will
And this ^{be} our maxim ^{prize} be merry and wise //

②

To love oft we drink in full goblets of wine
And surely no Stoic can say we act wrong
If friendship and love be not blessings divine
In life there's no pleasure ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ music in song
Still reason go.

③

When Arthur the great with his knights brave & ^{bold}
Around their fabled table so merrily sang
A bumper was filled to the heroes of old
While around them the trophies of victory hung
The monarch elated good humoredly cries
Boys if you get tipsey be merry and wise

Flowers of the Heath.

①
 The violet and the primrose too
 Beneath a sheltering thorny bough
 In bright and lively colours glow
 And cast sweet fragrance round
 Where beds of thyme in clusters lay,
 The heathrose opens its eye in May
 And cowslips too their sweets display
 Upon the heathy ground

②
 Here shepherds meet at close of day
 To chant their merry roundelay
 And chase unhappy thoughts away
 No discord here is found
 Harmonious notes make mountains ring
 When minstrels strike the trembling string
 And merry shepherds dance and sing
 Upon the heathy ground

Ar hyd y nos. The live long night 74

O

Another

O my love how sad and gloomy
Seem the hours when thou art from me
If my Harry could but hear me
He would soon return and cheer me
And remain for ever near me
Sweetly thus beside a fountain
Sung the maid of Mona mountain
When the youth from war returning
In whose breast true love was burning
Came and changed to joy her mourning

Twill yn ei bock - The dimpled cheek

①
Thy dimpled cheek and sweet lovely mien
Fill with delight every youth on the green
Roses and lillies have lent their soft shade
To make thee more fair than any fair maid.

②
Oh how I love thee - alas but in vain.
Thou art betrothed to a wealthier swain.
Still still I adore thee - tho thus I'm repaid
For thou art more fair than any fair maid.

Breuddwyd y Frenhines. The Queens dream

①
I fondly in my bosom cherished
Thy vows and thought they were sincere
But ah my dearest hopes are perished
For thou art false as thou art fair //

②
Next to my heart I always wore thee
(How different was my love from thine)
And still, alas - I must adore thee
Though neer can hope to make thee mine //

Sublime was the warning. ¹⁴⁶ (Some black joke)

(1)
Sublime was the warning that liberty spoke
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
To life and revenge from the conquerors chain
O liberty, let not this spirit have rest
Till it move like a breeze ~~from~~ over the waves of the west
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot
Nor oh for the shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the olive of Spain

(2) ^{right}
If the fame of our fathers bequeathed with their
Give to country its charm and to home its delights
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain
Then ye men of Iberia our cause is the same
And may his tomb want a tear and a name
Who would ask for a nobler a holier death
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain

(3)
Ye Blakes and Donnels whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain
Breathe a hope that the magical flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin as calm and as bright
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws
Like a tyrant her sword in the long slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain

God prosper the cause - Oh it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die
The finger of glory shall point where they lie
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave
The young spirit of freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

Silent oh Moyle.

48

①
Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water
Break not ye breezes your chain of repose
While murmuring mournfully let's lonely daughter
Tells to the night star her tale of woe
When shall the swan her death note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness faded
When shall heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit from this stormy world

②
Sadly O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping
Fate bids me languish long ages away
Yet still in her darkness does Eden lie sleeping
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay
When will that day star mildly springing
Warm our isle with peace and love
When will Heaven its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit to the fields of above.

Oh! breathe not his name.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad silent and dark be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it flows
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

It is not the tear at this moment shed

It is not the tear at this moment shed,

When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how below I was the soul that shed

Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him:

'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,

Through a life by his loss all shaded,

'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,

When all other griefs are faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn (and his memory's light

While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright

When we think how he liv'd but to love these

And as buried saints the grave perfume,

Where fadeless they've long been lying

So our hearts shall borrow a sweet mingled bloom

From the image he left there in dying,

And thus

Robert B. Brown

It is my duty to inform you that

(1)

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

(2)

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Robert B. Brown

82

Songs by Robert Burns.

A man's a man

For a' that.

(Fame, how hard's the fate.)

(1)

Is there for honest poverty
Who hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that
For a' that, and a' that
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gold for a' that

(2)

What tho' on hameless fare we dine
Wear haddie gray and a' that
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Their trivel show and a' that
An honest man though ne'er see poor
Is cheif o' men for a' that

(3)

O ye see you birkie co'd a lord
 Who struts and staves fand a' that
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word
 He's but a cuif for a' that
 For a' that and a' that

His ribbond star and a' that
 A man of independent mind
 Can look and laugh at a' that

(4)

The king can make a belted knight
 A marquis, duke, and a' that
 An honest man's aboon his might
 Gude faith he mauna fa' that
 For a' that and all that

His dignities and a' that
 The pith of sense, and pride of worth
 Are greater far than a' that

(5)

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it shall for a' that
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree and a' that
 For a' that and a' that

Its coming yet for a' that
 When man to man the world o'er
 Shall brothers be and a' that.

84

Had I a cave. (Tune Robin Adair)

(1)

Had I a cave on some wild distant shore
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing row
There would I weep my woes
There seek my best repose
'Till grief my eyes should close
Neer to wake more

(2)

Habest of womankind canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows, ^{fleeing} ~~temp'ring~~ as air
To thy new lover lie
Laugh o'er thy perjury
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there

Highland Mary.

(1)

Up banks and bras and streams around
The castle of Montgomery
Green be your fields and fair your flowers
Your waters never drumble
There summer first unfolds her robes
And there they lounge & tarry
For there I took the last fare well
Of my dear Highland Mary

(2)

How sweetly bloomed the gay green hick
 How rich the hawthorn blossom
 As underneath her fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

(3)

We' mow a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was so tender
 And pledging aft to meet again
 We tore ourselves asunder
 But oh fell death's untimely frost
 That night my flower so early
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

(4)

O pale pale now those rosy lips
 I aft ha' kissed so fondly
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me so kindly
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly
 But still within my bosom core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

On a bank of flowers.

86

(1)

On a bank of flowers in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppressed
When Willie wandering through the wood
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gazed he feared he wished he blushed
And trembled where he stood

(2)

Her closed eyes like weapons sheathed
Were sealed in soft repose
Her lips, still as the fragrant breathed
It richer died the rose
The springing lillies sweetly pressed
Wild wanton kissed her rival breast
He gazed he wished he feared he blushed
His bosom ill at rest

(3)

Her robes light waving in the breeze
Her tender limbs embrace
Here lovely form her native ease
All harmony and grace
Fumultuous tides his pulses roll
A faulting ardent kiss he stole
He gazed, he wished he feared he blushed
And sighed his very soul

(4)

As flies the partridge from the brake
So Nelly starting half awake
On fear inspired wings
Away affrighted springs
But Willie followed as he should
He overtook her in the wood
He vowed he prayed he found the maid
Forgiving all and good

Child Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to mind
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days o' lang syne

For auld lang syne my dear
 For auld lang syne we'll take a cup
 Of kindness yet, for auld lang syne

We twa ha'e run about the braes
 And pulled the gowan's fine
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne
 For auld lang syne

We twa ha'e paddled in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne
 For auld lang syne

And there's a hand my trusty feire
 And gives a hand o' thine
 And we'll tak' a right gude-weel-waught
 For auld lang syne For auld syne

And surely you'll be your pint stoop
 And surely I'll be mine
 And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne
 For auld lang syne

Mary.

88

(Tune I have loved thee)

(1)

Towers Celestial whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair
While in distant climes I wander
Let my Mary be your care
Let her form as fair as faultless
Fair and faultless as your own
Let my Marys hallowed spirit
Draw your choicest influence down

(2)

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast
Breathing in the breeze that fans her
Sooth her bosom into rest
Guardian angels protect her
When in distant lands I roam
To realms unknown while fate exiles^{me}
Make her bosom still my home

Farewell to Tyrshire / Fare I have loved thee

①
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
 Scenes that other thoughts renew
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
 Now a sad a last adieu
 Bonny doon see sweet at gloamin
 Fare the wēl before I gang
 Bonny doon whare early roaming
 First I weaved the rustie song

②
 Bowers adieu whare love decoying
 First enthralled this heart of mine
 Where the safest sweets enjoying
 Sweets that memory neer can tine
 Friends so near my bosom ever
 Ne. hae rendered moments dear
 But alas when forced to sever
 Then the stroke oh how severe

③
 Friends, that parting tear preserve it
 Tho tis doubly dear to me
 Could I think I did deserve it
 How much happier should I be
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
 Scenes ^{that} of former thoughts renew
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure
 Now a last a sad adieu

A Rosebud by my early walk.

①
A. rosebud by my early walk
Adown a corn inclosed bawke
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled
In a' its crimson glory spread
And drooping with its dewy head
It scents the early morning

②
Within the bush her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning
She soon shall see her tender brood
The pride the pleasure of the wood
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd
Awake the early morning

③
So thou dear bird young sunny fair
On trembling string, or vocal air
Shall sweetly pay the tender care.
That tents thy early morning
So thou sweet rosebud young and gay
Shalt ~~be~~ beauteous blaze upon the day
And bless the parents evening ray
That watched thy early morning

How lang and dreary is the night

(Time could hail in libe.)

(1)

How lang and dreary is the night
 When I am frae my dearie
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn
 Though I were ne'er so weary
 Chorus

For oh her lonely nights are long
 And oh her dreams are eerie
 And oh her widowed heart is sair
 That's absent from her dearie

(2)

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee my dearie
 And now what seas between us roar
 How can I be but eerie.
 For oh

(3)

How slow ye move ye heavy hours
 The joyless day how dreary
 It was nae sae ye glided by
 When I was with my dearie
 For oh

92

My Nannie's awa. (Tune Ohust the soft sigh)

(1)

Now in her green mantle blyth nature arrays
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw
But to me its delightless - my Nannie's awa

(2)

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn
And violets bathe in the wet of the morn
They pain my sad bosom soe sweetly they blow
They mind me of Nannie - and Nannie's awa

(3)

Thou cairn rock that springs frae the dew of the lawn
The shepherd to warn of the grey breaking dawn
And thou mellow meir that hails the night fa'
Give over for pity - my Nannie's awa

(4)

Come autumn so pensive in yellow and grey
And soothe me with tidings o' nature's decay
The dark dreary winter and wild-driving snaw
None can delight me - now Nannie's awa

Fairest maid on Devon banks.

(Tune lapse of the tinker's clock)

(1)
 Fairest maid on Devon banks
 Chrystal Devon winding Devon
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside
 And smile as thou wert wont to do
 Full well thou knowest I love thee dear
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear
 O did not love exclaim Forbear
 Nor use a faithful lover so

(2)
 Fairest maid on Devon banks
 Chrystal Devon winding Devon
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside
 And smile as thou wert wont to do
 Then come thou fairest of the fair
 Those wanted smiles Oh let me share
 And by thy beauteous self I swear
 No love but thine my heart shall know

94 96

Thickest night surround my dwelling

(Tune) *Musing on the road
my road*

The speaker is supposed to be concealed in some part of the Highlands after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevaliers de St George.

(1)

Thickest night surround my dwelling
Howling tempests o'er me rave
Horrid torrents wintry swelling
Roaring by my lonely cave
Crystal streams let gently flowing
Busy haunts of base mankind
Western breezes softly flowing
Lull not my distracted mind

(2)

In the cause of right engaged
Wrongs injurious to redress
Honour war we strongly waged
But the heavens denied success
Ruins wheel has driven o'er us
Not a hope that dare attend
The wide world is all before us
But a world without a friend?

John Anderson!

(1)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 When nature first began
 To try her canny hand John
 Her master work was man
 And you aboon them a' John
 Sae trig from top to toe
 She proved to be no jenny work
 John Anderson my Jo

(2)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 When we were first acquaint
 Your locks were like the ~~snow~~ John
 Your bonnie brow was bent
 But now your brow is bald John
 Your locks are like the snow
 Yet blessings on your flinty pow
 John Anderson my Jo

(3)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 What pleasure 'tis to see
 The young and lovely brood John
 Brought up 'twixt you and me
 And ilka lad and lass John
 In our footsteps to go
 Sure makes a heaven here on earth
 John Anderson my Jo.

(4)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 Potes up and down we've kent
 A jet age whate'er we lob John
 We with it were content
 And that's the best of year John
 It frae us neer can go
 The good be scant love we'll ne'er want
 John Anderson my Jo

(5)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 Life's hill we clamb to gither
 And mony a canty day John
 Wee had with ane anither
 But now we're tottering down John
 So hand in hand we'll go
 And we'll sleep to gither at the foot
 John Anderson my Jo

(6)
 John Anderson my Jo John
 When we again awake
 Our bairns we will collect John
 And then our journey stake
 For hearts devoid of guile John
 Find friends wher'er they go
 And seraphs bright shall guide us right
 John Anderson my Jo

A Catch.

Come let us have another song or two
 We'll sing this catch and then I'll call on you
 For you can sing I know and so can you.

O were my love

①
 O were my love you lilac fair
 With purple blossoms to the spring
 And I a bird to shelter there
 When wearied on my little wing
 How I would nod when it was torn
 By autumn wild and winter rude
 But I would sing on wanton wing
 When merry may its bloom renewed

(2)
 O were my love you violet sweet
 That peeps free 'neath the hawthorn spray
 And I myself the zephyr's breath
 Among its bonny leaves to play
 I'd fan it with a constant gale
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray
 And sprinkle it with freshest dews
 At morning dawn and parting day

(3)
 O gin my love were you red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa'
 And I myself a drop of dew
 Into her bonny breast to fa'
 O there beyond expression blest
 I'd feast on beauty all the night
 Seal'd on her silk soft folds to rest
 Till flayed away by morning's light

O my love's like &c.

90

(1)

O my love's like the red red rose
That newly sprung in June
O my love's like the melody
That sweetly played in June
"As fair art thou my boudie lass
So deep in love in love am I
And I can love thee still my dear
Till all the seas gang dry"

(2)

Till all the seas gang dry my dear
And the rocks melt with the sun
I will love thee still my dear
While the sands of life shall run
"And fare thee well my only love
Fare thee well a little while
And I will come again my love
Tho' were ten thousand mile"

O let me in &c

(1)
O lassie art thou sleeping yet
Or art thou wakin. I would wit
For love has bound me hand and foot
And I would fain be in jo.

O let me in this ae night
This ae night this ae night
For pity's sake this ae night
O rise and let me in jo.

(2)
Thou hearest the winter wind and weet
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet
Tak' pity on my weary feet
And shield me frae the pain, jo.
O let me in &c

(3)
The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls unheeded fa's
The caddness of thy heart the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in &c

The answer

(1)
Tell na me of wind and rain
Nabraid na me w' could disdain
Goe back the gait ye came again
I winna let you in, jo.

Tell you now this a night
This a night this a night
And ance for a this a night
I winna let you in, jo.

(2)
The smelliest blast at mirkest hours
That round the pathless wanderer pours
Is naught to what-spoor she endures
Who's trusted faithless man, jo.

Tell you now &c

(3)
The sweetest flower that decked the mead
Now trodden like the vilest weed
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo.

Tell you now &c

(4)
The bird that charmed his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowlers prey,
Let witless trusting woman say,
How aften her fate's the same, jo.

Tell you now &c

Lassie with the Locks

(1)
 Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks
 Bonny lassie an' the lassie
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks
 Wilt thou be my dearie O
 Now nature cleeds the flowery lea
 And a' is young and sweet-like thee
 I wilt-thou share its joys wi' me
 And say thoult be my dearie O

(2)
 Lassie wi' ye
 Bonnie lassie ye
 Wilt thou ye
 Wilt thou ye
 When Cytherea lights wi' silver rays
 The weeny shears hameward ways
 Thro' yellow waving fields well stray
 And talk of love my dearie O

(3)
 Lassie
 Bonnie }
 Wilt thou } ye
 Wilt thou }
 And when the welcome summer shower
 Has cheered ilk drooping little flower
 Well to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon my dearie O.

(4)
 Lassie
 Bonnie }
 Wilt thou } ye
 Wilt thou }
 And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest
 Enclasped to my faithful breast
 I'll comfort thee my dearie O.

102

There was a lass &c

(1)
There was a lass and she was fair
At kirk and market to be seen
When a' our fairest maids were met
The fairest maid was Bonnie Jean
And aye she wrought her mairnie's work
And aye she sang see merrily
The blithest baird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she

(2)
But hawk will rob the tender joys
That bliss the little lintwhite's nest
And frost will blight the fairest flowers
And love will break the soundest rest
Young Robie was the bravest lad
The flower and pride of a the glen
And he had owen sheep and kye
And wanton magies nine or ten

(3)
He gaed wi' Jenny to the tryste
He danced wi' Jenny on the dower
And lang e'er wittle Jenny wist
Her heart was tint her peace was stown
As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells ^{at dewy e'en} ~~in the stream~~
So trembling pure was tender love
Within the breast of Bonnie Jean

(4)

And now she works her mamma's wark
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain
 She wist na' what her pain might be
 Or what wad make her weel again
 But did na Jeannie's heart leap light
 And did not joy blink in her eye
 As Robie told a tale of love
 Ae evening on the lilly lea

(5)

The sun was sinking in the west
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove
 His cheek to hers he fondly laid
 And whispered thus his tale of love
 O Jeannie fair I loe thee dear
 O canst thou think to fancy me
 Or wilt thou leave thy mamma's cot
 And leark to tent the farmer wi' me

(6)

At barn or byre thou shalt not drudge
 Or nothing else to trouble thee
 But stray among the heather bells
 And tent the weaving cower wi' me
 Now what could artless Jeannie do
 She had na will to say him na'
 At length she blushed a sweet consent
 And love was aye between them twa.

104

Oh this is no my ain lassie.

①
Oh this is no my ain lassie
Fair tho' the lassie be
Oh weel ken I my ain lassie
O' kind love is in her ee
I see a form I see a face
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place
It wants to me the withering grace
The kind love that's in her ee

②
Oh this ye
She's bonnie blooming straight and tall
And lang has had my heart in thrall
And ay it charms my very soul
The kind love that's in her eye

③
Oh this ye
A thief see cunning is my Jean
To steal a blink by a unseen
But gleg as light are lovers e'en
When kind love is in the eye

④
Oh this ye
It may escape the country sparks
It may escape the leand clerks
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that in her ee

Sa flaxen were her ringlets

①
 Sa flaxen was her ringlets
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue
 Bewitchingly o'er arching
 Two laughing e'en of bonnie blue
 Her smiling sa whirling
 Would make a wretch forget his woe
 What pleasure, what treasure
 Unto these rosy lips to grow
 Such was my Chloris bonnie face
 When first her bonnie face I saw:
 And ay, my Chloris' dearest charm
 She says she lo'es me best of a'

②
 Like harmony her motion
 Her pretty ankle is a speer
 Betraying fair proportion
 Would make a saint forget the sky
 Sa warming sa charming
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air
 Her feature-dame nature
 Declared that she could do na'mair
 Her's are the willing chains o' love
 By conquering Beauty's sovereign law

But ah my Chloris dearest charm
She says she lo'es me best of a'

106

(3)
Let others love the city
And gaudy shew at sunny noon
Gie me the lovely valley
The dewy eve and rising moon
Fair beaming and streaming
Her silver light the boughs among
While falling recalling
The amorous thrush concludes his sang
Then dearest Chloris wilt thou prove
By whispering burn and leafy shaw
And hear my vows o' truth and love
And say she lo'es me best of a'

Young Peggy

(Tune Soldiers Return.)

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass
Her blush is like the morning
The rosy dawn the springing grass
With early gems adorning
Her eyes ~~catch~~ the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower
And glitter o'er the crystal streams
And cheer each freshening flower

(2)

Her lips more than the cherries bright
 A richer die has graced them
 They charm the admiring gazers sight
 And sweetly tempt to taste them
 Her smile is as the evening mild
 When feathered pairs are courting
 When little lambskins wanton wild
 In playful bands disporting.

(3)

Were fortune lovely Peggys foe
 Such sweetness would relent her
 As blooming spring unbends the bow
 Of surly savage winter
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen
 And fretful envy grins in vain
 The poisoned tooth to fasten.

(4)

Ye powers of honor, love and truth
 From every ill defend her
 Inspire the highly favoured youth
 The destined intend her
 Still fan the sweet conjugal flame
 Responsive in each bosom
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

108

Musing on the roaring ocean

(1)

Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me
Wearing heaven in warm devotion
For his weel wherer he be
Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa

(2)

Ye whom sorrow never never wounded
Ye who never shed a tear
Care untroubled, joy surrounded
Gaudy day to you is dear
Gentle night do you befriend me
Downy sleep the curtain draw
Spirits kind again attend me
Talk of him that's far awa!

Wha wadna be in love.

(1)
 Wha' would na' be in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lawder
 A piper met her gann to Fife
 And speired what wast' they ca'd her
 Right scornfully she answered him
 Begone you halla shaker
 Fogg on you gabe you bladderskate
 My name is Maggie Lawder

(2)
 "Maggie" quo he "and by my bags
 I'm fidgryng fain to see thee
 Set down by me my bonnie buid
 It troth I winna steer thee
 For I'm a piper to my trade
 My name is Rob the Hunter
 The lasses lous as they were clapt
 When I blow up my chanter."

(3)

"Piper" quo Meg "hae ye your bags"
 Or is your drone in order
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you
 Live you upo' the border
 The lassies a' baith far and near
 Have heard of Rob the Kanter
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter

(4)

Then to his bags he flew with speed
 About the drone he twisted
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green
 For brawly could they frisk it
 "Weel done" quo he "Play up quo she"
 Weel bobbed quo Rob the Kanter
 It's worth my while to play indeed
 When I hae sic a dancer

(5)

Weel hae you played your part quo ^{Meg}
 Your cheeks are like the crimson
 There's name in Scotland plays so weel
 Since we lost Harry Simson
 I've lived in fife both maid and wife
 These ten years and a quarter
 Gin ye should come to Anster fair
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder

Q. 2. 115
Now rosy May (Tune dainty Davie)

①
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay green spreading bowers
And now come in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie
The chrystal waters round us fa'
The merry birds are lovers a'
The scented breezes round us blow
A wandering wi' my Davie

Meet me at the warlock knowe
Bonny Davie dainty Davie
There I'll spend the day wi' you
My ain dear dainty Davie

②
When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithful Davie
When day expires in the west
The curtain draws of Nature's rest
I'll flee to arms I loe the best
An that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me ye.

Bruce's address to his army,

112

(1)
Scots who live with Wallace dead
Scots whom Bruce has often led
We come to your gory bed
Or to victory,

Now's the day and now's the hour
See approach proud Edward's power
See the front of battle tower
Chains & Slavery

(2)
Who will be a traitor know
Who will fill a coward's grave
Who so base as be a slave
Let him turn and flee

Who for Scotland's king and law
Whose freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freemen stand or freemen fall
Let him follow me

(3)
By oppressions woes and pines
By your sons in servile chains
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free

Lay the proud usurper low
Tyraunt's fall in every foe
Liberty's in every blow
Let us do or die

Of a' the airts 32

(1)

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly lo'e the west
 For the bonnie lassie lives
 The lassie I lo'e best
 There wild wood, grow and rivers row
 And mung a hill between
 But day and night - my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi my Jean.

(2)

I see her in the dewy flowers
 I see her sweet and fair
 I hear her in the tanager's birds
 I hear her charm the air
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain shaw or green
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But mind's me of my Jean

(3)

Her lips are like the red rose bud
 Sweet blushing to the morn
 Her breath is fresher than the bean
 The fragrance of the thorn
 The dewdrop in the morning sun
 I canna match her sen
 O life would hae nae joy for me
 If 'twere not for my Jean

(1)

Dear is the spot I saw her first
 The grove where aft we met
 But where I bade her last farewell
 That place I'll neer forget
 For there within my arms she vowed
 (The tear was in her eye)
 That heaven and earth and a world change
 Ere she proved false to me

Husband husband cease your strife.

(1)

(Wife) Husband husband cease your ^{strife}
 No longer I'll have sin
 Tho' I am your wedded wife
 Yet I am not your slave sir
 (Hus) One of us two must still obey
 (Nancy Nancy)
 Is it man or woman say
 My spouse Nancy

(2)

(Wife) If tis still the lordly word
 Service and obedience
 I'll desert my sovereign lord
 And so good bye allegiance
 (Hus) Sad will I be so bereft
 (Nancy Nancy)
 Yet I'll try to make a shift
 My spouse Nancy

(3)

(Wife) My poor heart then break it must
 My last hour is near it
 When you lay me in the dust
 Think think how you will bear it
 (Hus) I will hope and trust in Heaven
 (Nancy Nancy)
 Strength to bear it will be given
 My spouse Nancy

(4)

(Wife) Will sir from the silent dead
 Still I try to daunt you
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid spirits shall haunt you
 (Hus) I'll wed another like my dear
 (Nancy Nancy)
 Then the devil will fly for fear
 My spouse Nancy

The Thorn.

From the white blossomed sloe
 My dear Chloe requested,
 A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;
 O, by Heavens, I exclaimed may I
 I ever I plant in that bosom a ^{perish} thorn

Then I shewed her a ring ⁽²⁾
 And implored her to marry
 She blushed like the dawning of
 morn
 Yes she replied I'll consent if you'll promise
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to

scorn
 ←—————→
Sheelah



Composed by

C. W. Wild. Music master,
 Boston.

Their groves of Sweet Myrtle.



①
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon on

Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume

Far dearer to me are the groves of green brick-knave

We the burn stealing under the large yellow brooms

Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers

Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen

For there lightly tripping among the green ^{wild} flowers

A listening the linnet of wander's my fear

②

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallis

And could Caledonia's blast on the wave

Then sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace

What are they? The haunts of the tyrant and slave

The slaves spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains

The brave Caledonian views with disdain

He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains

Save loves willing fetters, & chains of this pair.

... ..
... ..

... ..

Tom Halliard. 118

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the foe for mercy call;
Death no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful ball;
Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright,
Ah! condemned by cruel fortune
Neer to see the star of night.

(2)
From the maindeck to the quarter,
Strewed with limbs, and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale & wounded
Crawled where his brave Captain ^{stood}
Oh! my noble captain, tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away.

Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great this glorious day

(3)
Tell a dying sailor truly
For my life is fleeting fast
Have I done a sailor's duty

Can they ought my memory blast
 Ah brave Tom replied the Captain
 Thou a sailor's part hath done
 I revere thy wounds with sorrow
 Wounds by which our glory's won.

Thanks my Captain ⁽⁴⁾ life is ebbing
 Fast from this deep wounded heart
 Yet oh grant me little favour
 Ere I from this world depart.

Bid some kind and trusty sailor
 When I'm numbered with the dead
 For my true and constant Cath'rine
 Cut a lock from this poor head

Bid him to my Cath'rine bear it ⁽⁵⁾
 Saying hers alone I die
 Kate will keep this precious present
 And embalm it with a sigh
 Bid him too this letter bear her
 Which I've penned with parting breath
 Kate will ponder on the writing
 When the hand is cold in death.

⑥ That I will replied the Captain
 And be ever both' rine's friend
 Thanks, my good, my kind commander
 Now may pains my sorrows end
 Mute towards the Captain weeping
 Tom upraised a thankful eye
 Grateful then his feet embracing
 Sunk with Kate on his last sigh

⑦ Who that saw a scene so mournful
 Could without a tear depart
 He must own a savage nature
 Pity never warmed his heart.
 Now in his white hammock shrouded
 By the kind and pensive crew
 As he dropped into the ocean
 All sighed out Poor Tom adieu.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen, all to me;
 Messmate, hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea;
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.


Hark the boats wain ⁽²⁾ hoarsely bawling;
 By topsail sheet and haulyard stand,
 Down top gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay sails, hand boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Now the top sail sheets let go,
 Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly locked in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.

Round us roars the tempest louder, 122
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the bo's'n calls.

The topsail yards ⁽⁴⁾ point to the winds, ^{boys,}
See them clear to reef each course,
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spirit sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventer brace set,
Man the fore yard, cheer lads, cheer.

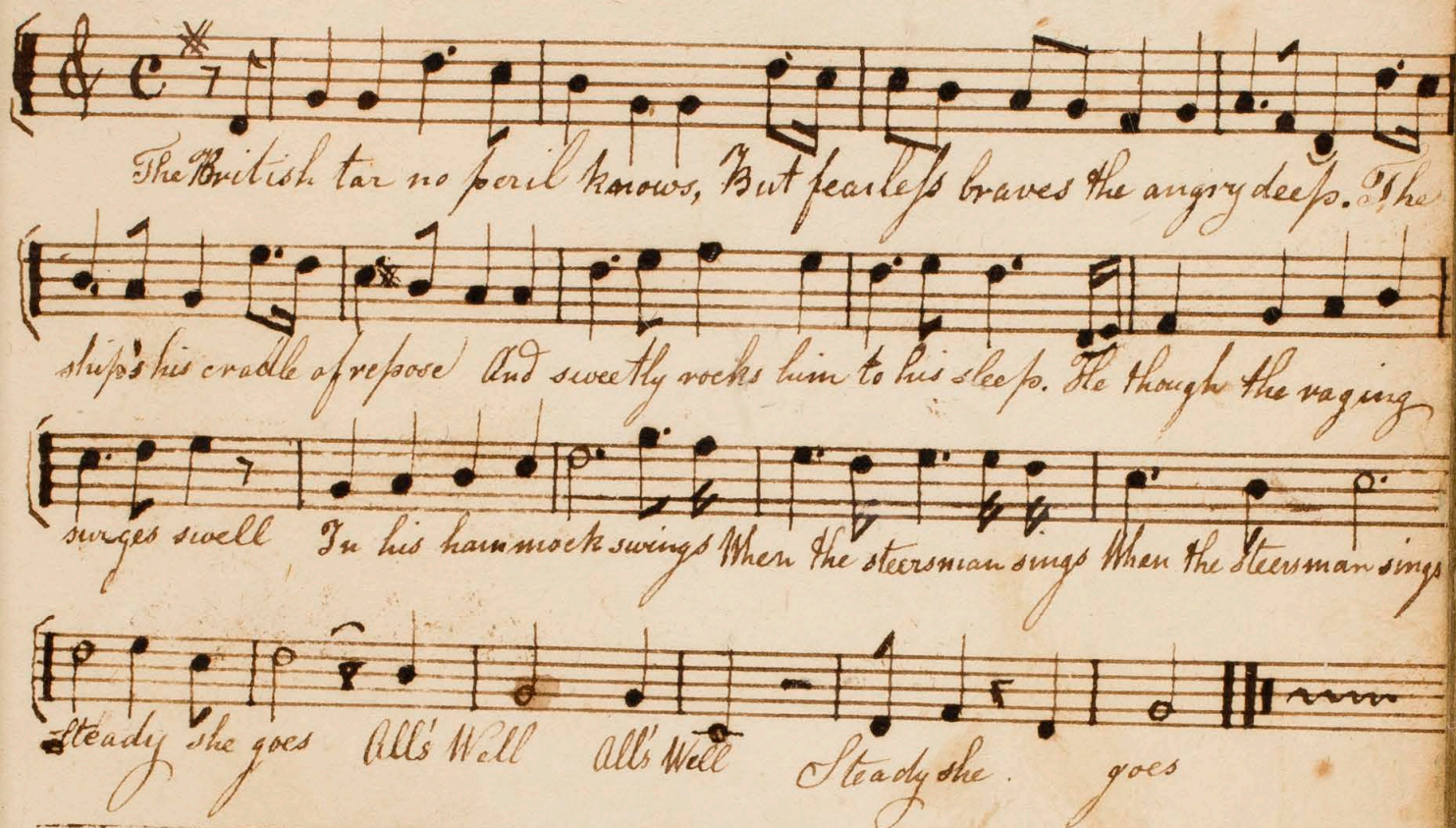


Handwritten musical notation on aged paper, featuring staves and notes. The notation is faint and appears to be a single melodic line. The paper shows signs of wear, including stains and discoloration.

Allegretto in D minor

Steady, she goes.

226



The British tar no peril knows, But fearless braves the angry deeps. The
ships his cradle of repose And sweetly rocks him to his sleep. He though the raging
surges swell In his hammock swings When the steersman sings When the steersman sings
Steady she goes All's Well All's Well Steady she goes

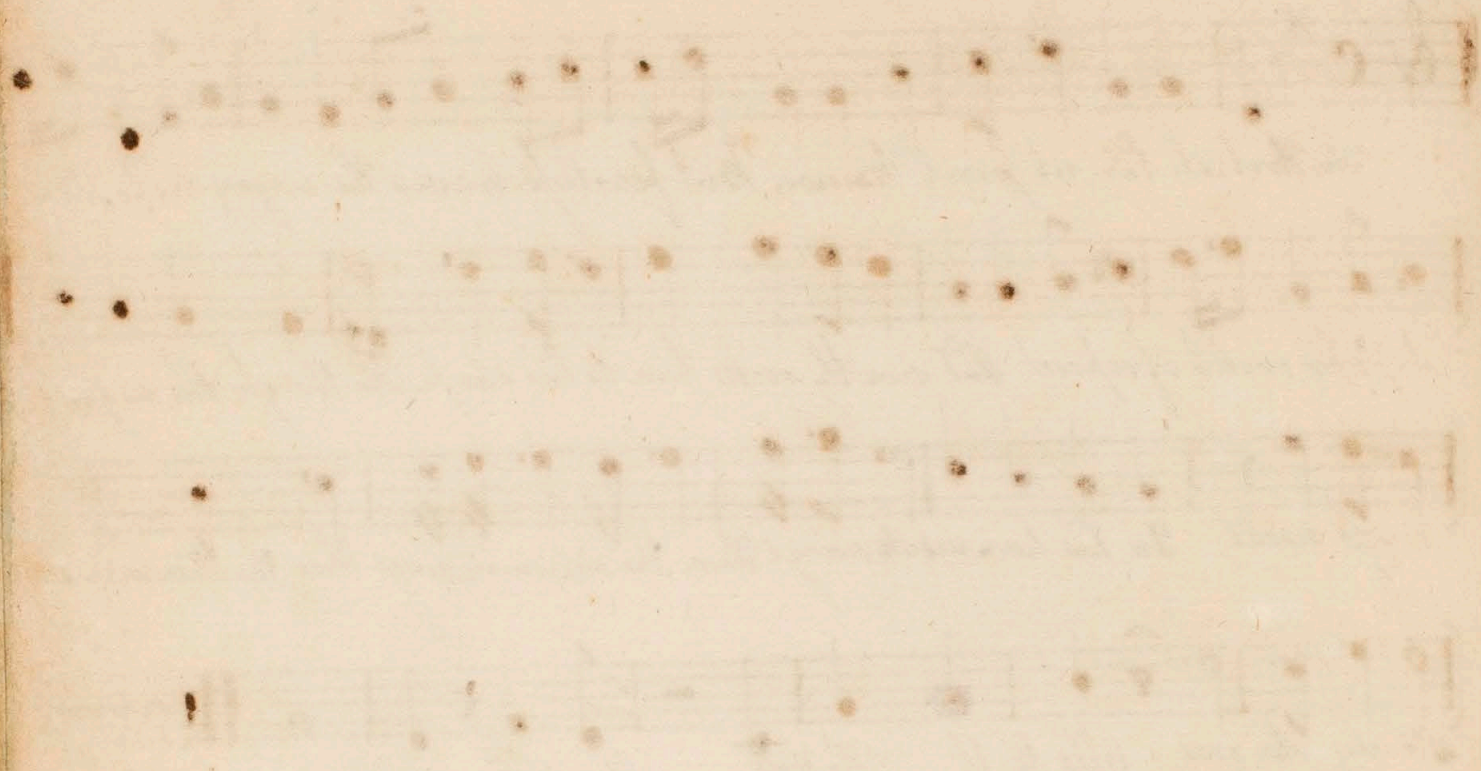
Monody on Burns.



What is the ill news you so sad Robin Gray? That your blue bonnet hangs over your brow
Sad sad news I've read, Robin Burns noon is dead and the ploughman weeps over
his plough, Ah well, Ah well a day And the ploughman weeps over his plough.

Evelyn's Bower.

BITE EV *Evelyn*



Allegretto in G major



Capriccio in G major

629

A

All's Well	1
Alme I am lost and forlorn	2
Al why should the Girl of my soul	29
Avon	34
A man's a man	82
Auld lang syne	87
As hyde y nos	74
A rosebud by my early walk	90
A Catch	96

B

Burns Farewell	63
Bruce's Address to his army	112

C

Canadian Boat Song	41
Cheshire Tragedy	50
Corporal Carey	63
Come send round the wine	66

D

Dicky Gossip	19
Drink to me only	69

E

Elegy on Burns	57
Evelyn's Bower	22
Erin	27

F

Fly not yet	63
Friend & Pitcher	40
Faithless Emma	68
Flowers of the heath	73
Farwell to Ayrshire	89
Fairest maid on Devon's banks	93

G

Go where glory waits thee	39
God save America	36
Good humored and fairly tipsy	72

H

Heaving the lead	28
Henry's Cottage Maid	49
Had I a Cave	84
Highland Mary	84
How lang and dreary	91
Husband, husband cease your strife	114

IyJyK

In the downhill of life	7	Just Like Love	17
I knew by the smoke of	53	John Anderson	95
It is not the tear at this moment	79		

L

Littleummings in love	33
Londons bonnie woods & braes	60
Lizzie with the L. Locks	101

M

Meeting of the waters	5
Maid of Colrain	15
Mary	35
Mary by Burns	88
My nanie's owa	92
Musing on the roaring ocean	100

N

New rosy May	111
--------------	-----

Oy Py Q

Once Again	46	Pray young man	37
On the cold flinty rock	59	Of a the air is the wind can blow	113
Oh the days are gone	82	Oh I breathe not his name	79
Oh whistle and I come to you my lad	67		
Oh think not my spirits were	88		
On a bank of flowers	86		
O were my love	97		
O my love like the red	98		
Oh let me in this ay night	99		
the answer	100		
Oh this is no my ain lassie	104		

R

Rise Columbia	9
Rise Cynthia rise	13
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu	42
Robin Adair	21

S

Sweet is the Vale	2
Sprig of Shillelah	16
Sicilian Mariners Hymn	25
Sandy and Jenny	30
Sublime was the warning	76
Silent oh Meyle	77
She flave were her ringlets	105
Steady she goes	126

T

The Ruins	55	The dimpled cheek	75
The Glasses sparkle	58	Thickest night surround my	94
The Day Returns	8	There was a lass	109
The Taylor done over	6	Their graves of sweet myrtle	116
The British Tar	52	Tom Halliard	148
The Soldiers Adieu	26	The storm	121
The Wounded Hussar	44	The Thorn	118
Tara's Harp	32		
There's not a look	40		
The moon dimmed her beams	71		

U & V

H
H
H
H
H
H

W

Why does azure deck the sky	50
Will you come to the bower.	23
We may roam through this world	24
While I hang on your bosom	100
Wha wadna be in love	109

In
I h
It

X & Y & Z.

Young Peggie	106
--------------	-----

Litt
Love
Leave

IAE POMO
sweet
ard



2/3

